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FULL SALVATION

HYMNAL.

COMPILED BY

REV. J. E. AND MRS. IRVINE.

1877

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY THE

NATIONAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION FOR
THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS.

J. S. INSKIP, AGENT,
921 Arch Street, Philadelphia,

AND ON SALE BY BOOK-SELLERS GENERALLY.

1877.

10 Cents.



Sallie Lloyd.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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PREFACE.

At our special services held in Europe and America for the promotion of Christian Holiness and the conversion of the unsaved, we realized the need of a suitable collection of choice hymns. To meet such want this volume has been carefully compiled.

The object has been to provide a good hymn book, without music—the tunes being commonly known—at a moderate price, that all might join in the singing.

We express our thanks to the many kind friends who have so generously assisted us by permitting the use of their valuable hymns. We have taken much pains to find out the owners of copyright, and have not knowingly used any such property without permission. The hymns Nos. 5 and 102 are used by permission of "Biglow & Main;" Nos. 102 and 153 from "Jasper & Gold;" and No. 49 from "Gems of Praise." For others see index.

Trusting that this book will be found very useful at Union-meetings, Camp-meetings, Holiness-meetings, Revival and Social meetings generally, we earnestly pray that the Lord may make it a great blessing to many souls!

J. E. IRVINE,

MARY COUTTS IRVINE.

Full Salvation Hymnal.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

1

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 O ! that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.—*Perronet.*

2

IIS.

WE praise thee, O God ! for the Son of thy love,
 For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.
Cho. Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah ! amen.

2 We praise thee, O God ! for thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise, to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

W. P. Mackey.

822545

3

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,—
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus !—the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.—*C. Wesley.*

4

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief ;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 Thy wings shall my petitions bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless :
 And since He bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for the sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 May I thy consolations share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight.
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize ;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

5

IOS.

I NEED thee every hour, most gracious Lord ;
 No tender voice like thine can peace afford.

Cho. I need thee, O ! I need thee ; ev'ry hour I need thee ;
 O bless me now, my Saviour ; I come to thee.

- 2 I need thee every hour ; stay thou near by ;
 Temptations lose their power when thou art nigh.
- 3 I need thee every hour, in joy or pain ;
 Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.
- 4 I need thee every hour, teach me thy will ;
 And thy rich promises in me fulfill.
- 5 I need thee every hour, Most Holy One ;
 O, make me thine indeed, thou blessed Son.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

6

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place than all besides, more sweet ;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more ;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.—*H. Stowell.*

7

8s & 7s.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.
 O, what peace we often forfeit,
 O, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble any where ?

We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Horatius Bonar.

8

6 lines 8s.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
 My misery and sin declare ;
 Thyself hast called me by my name ;
 Look on thy hands, and read it there :
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou struggest to get free ;
 I never will unloose my hold :
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
 To know it now resolved I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ?

I rise superior to my pain :
 When I am weak, then I am strong !
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

Second part.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair ;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me ;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
 Pure, universal Love thou art :
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see thee face to face ;
 I see thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,—
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.—*C. Wesley.*

HOLY SPIRIT.

I. M.

9 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire !
 Come fill thy earthly temples now ;
 Emptied of every base desire,
 Reign thou within, and only thou.

2 Thy sovereign right, thy gracious claim,
 To every thought and every power—
 Our lives—to glorify thy name,
 We yield in this accepted hour.

3 Fill every chamber of the soul ;
 Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill,

Till under thy supreme control
Submissive rests our cheerful will.

4 My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine ;
The altar sanctifies the gift ;
The blood insures the boon divine.

5 'Tis done ! thou dost this moment come ;
My longing soul is all thine own ;
My heart is thy abiding home ;
Henceforth I live for thee alone.

6 Now rise, exulting rise, my soul,
Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise ;
His name through earth and skies extol,
With all thy power through all thy days.

F. Bottome.

L. M.

10

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord :
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou on believers fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind ;
Great grace be now upon us all.—C. Wesley.

11

4 6s & 2 8s.

O CHRIST, enthroned above,
Thy Spirit now bestow ;
Descend with melting love,
Our heart and life renew ;
Remove the dross, refine the gold,
And form us in the heav'nly mould.

2 Then, only then, can we
Walk in and teach the way,
Win precious souls to thee,
Throughout life's fleeting day ;

Essay to preach the living word,
Ready for service or reward.

3 Men fully saved by grace
Are what the sinner needs,
To lead him to the place
Where loving mercy pleads ;
Believers filled with love divine,
In whom their Master's graces shine.—*Joheba.*

12

L. M.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old ;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him thine ?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine ?—

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways ?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallow'd lays ?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power ;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour ?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
Renew thy work ; thy grace restore ;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.—*Bathurst.*

13

C. M.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad :
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume :
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move ;
 While Christ is all the world to me,
 And all my heart is love.—*C. Wesley.*

14

C. M.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down ;
 Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
 And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
 Their wondrous powers impart,
 Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
 Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of his grace,
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of his face.

4 His love within us shed abroad,—
 Life's ever-springing well ;
 Till God in us, and we in God,
 In love eternal dwell.—*Humphries.*

15

S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within ;
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin !

2 The whole of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,—
 Spirit of perfect holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,—
 According to thy will and word,—
 Well-pleasing in thy sight.

4 I ask no higher state ;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.—*C. Wesley.*

16

THE Holy Ghost is come ;
 We feel his presence here ;
 Our hearts would now no longer roam,
 But bow in filial fear.

S. M.

- 2 This tenderness of love,
 This hush of solemn power,
 'Tis heaven descending from above
 To fill this favour'd hour.
- 3 Earth's darkness all has fled ;
 Heav'ns light securely shines ;
 And ev'ry heart divinely led,
 To holy thought inclines.
- 4 No more let sin deceive,
 Nor earthly cares betray :
 Oh ! let us never, never grieve
 The Comforter away.

17

TIS the very same power
 That they had at Pentecost.
 'Tis the power, the power ;
 'Tis the power that Jesus promised should come down.

- 2 While with one accord assembled,
 All in an upper room. Came the power, etc.
- 3 With cloven tongues of fire
 And a rushing mighty wind. Came the, etc.
- 4 It was while they all were praying,
 And believing it would come. Came the, etc.
- 5 Three thousand were converted,
 And were added to the Church. By the, etc.
- 6 The martyrs had this power
 As they triumphed in the flames. 'Twas the, etc.
- 7 Our fathers had this power,
 And we may have it too. 'Tis the, etc.
- 8 'Tis the very same power,
 For I feel it in my soul. 'Tis the, etc.

18

SEEKING HOLINESS.

10s.

0 MOURNER in Zion, how blessed art thou,
 For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now ;
 Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
 Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice !
 For ye shall be filled ; O ! hear that sweet voice
 Inviting you now to the banquet of God :
 Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free ?
 O, poor troubled soul ! there's a promise for thee ;
 Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of God ;
 Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

4 The promise don't save, though each promise is true ;
 'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through ;
 It cleanses us now, O, glory to God !
 We rest on the promise,—we're under the blood.

Juniata.

19

IIS.

DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;
 I want thee forever to live in my soul ;
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe ;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow ;
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait ;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create ;
 To those who have sought thou never saidst No ;
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain ;
 Apply thine own blood and extract every stain ;
 To have this blest cleansing I all things forego ;
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet ;
 By faith for my cleansing I see thy blood flow,
 Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 The blessing by faith I receive from above,
 O, glory ! my soul is made perfect in love ;
 My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
 The blood is applied—I am whiter than snow.

W. Nicholson.

20

L. M.

0 THOU, to whose all searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
 O burst these bonds and set it free !

2 Wash out its stain, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Did once for all my sins atone ;
Thy blood can make me “ white as snow ; ”
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

4 By faith I to that fountain fly
To purge my sins of deepest dye ;
O, praise the Lord ! it cleanseth me
From life and heart’s impurity.—*Iota.*

21

L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds : then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee :
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.—*Dessler.*

22

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I’ll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King’s highway of holiness,
I’ll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn’d because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

3 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am ;
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.—*Cennick.*

23

L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free ;
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue :
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

5 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.—*J. Wesley.*

24

S. M.

CALL'D from above I rise,
And wash away my sin ;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

- 3 Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.
- 4 O life-reviving flood,
Through all my senses flow !
Till all I am is lost in God,
And I but Jesus know.
- 5 My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully his.

25

L. M.

0 THAT my load of sin were gone ;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.—*C. Wesley.*

26

C. M.

COME every soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.
Cho. Only trust him, only trust him now ;
He will save you, he will save you now.

- 2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow ;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest ;

Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.—*J. H. Stockton.*

27.

C. M.

WALK in the light ! and thou shalt know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
The heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

2 Walk in the light ! and sin abhor'd
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away the gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
The light of perfect day.
Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright :
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.—*Barton.*

28

S. M.

I HEAR thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee ;
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flow'd on Calvary.

Cho. I am coming Lord ! coming now to thee !
Wash me, cleanse me, in thy blood that flow'd on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love ;

To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And he the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled
 If faith but brings the plea.

5 All hail ! atoning blood !
 All hail ! redeeming grace !
All hail ! the gift of Christ our Lord,
 Our strength and righteousness !

L. Hartsough.

29

8s & 7s.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation ;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.—*C. Wesley.*

30

7s.

LOVE of Jesus, all divine,
 Fill this longing heart of mine ;
Ceaseless struggling after life,
 Weary with the endless strife.

Cho. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

2 Saviour, Jesus, lend thine aid,
Lift thou up my fainting head ;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillow'd on thy loving breast.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire ;
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee and thee alone to know.

4 Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy ;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.—*F. Bottome.*

31

7s.

PRINCE of peace, control my will ;
Bid this struggling heart be still ;
Bid my fears and doubting cease ;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open'd wide the gate of God :
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done ;
May thy will and mine be one :
Chase these doubtings from my heart ;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour ! at thy feet I fall ;
Thou my life, my God, my all !
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee !

32

7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.—*Toplady.*

33

C. M.

I KNOW, O Lord, thou dwellest not
 Where idols are enshrined ;
 Thou canst not come where sinful thought
 Is lurking in the mind.

2 And yet thy searching light has shown
 The blindness of my faith,
 That sought to build thy house upon
 A sepulchre of death.

3 I thought my foolish heart sincere,
 And, till thy word made known,
 Knew not what brood of evil there
 Had nestled 'neath thy throne.

4 Now swift to purge thy temple, Lord,
 My quicken'd conscience moves ;
 Proud Baal's priests I put to sword,
 And burn down all his groves.

5 My fond affections cling no more
 To other loves than thine ;
 The shameful lusts that burned before
 Are quench'd in love divine.—*Bottome.*

34

C. M.

I WOULD be thine ; O take my heart,
 And fill it with Thy love ;
 Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
 And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine ; but while I strive
 To give myself away,
 I feel rebellion still alive,
 And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine ; but, Lord, I feel
 Evil still lurks within ;
 Do thou thy majesty reveal,
 And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine ; I would embrace
 The Saviour, and adore ;

Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.—*Reed's Col.*

35

C. M.

NOTHING unclean can enter in
Where God in glory reigns ;
His eyes, so pure, cannot endure
The sight of spot or stains.

Cho.—Nothing unclean, my gracious Lord,
Nothing unclean, nothing unclean.

- 2 Nothing unclean must stand between
The Holy Ghost and me :
Saviour from sin, the work begin ;
Wash me till thou canst see
Nothing unclean, etc.
- 3 Nothing unclean can mortals screen
From the All-seeing eye ;
Spirit of God, apply the blood
Until I hear thee cry,
Nothing unclean, etc.
- 4 Nothing unclean ; O glorious scene !
My heart washed in the blood,
With rapture thrills, as now it feels
The mighty power of God.
Nothing unclean, etc.—*Nicholson.*

36

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me ! —

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within :—
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love Divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart—
 Thy new, best name of Love.—*C. Wesley.*

37

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone :

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fix'd on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in :
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And make me free from sin.

4 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love ;
 Give me the new and perfect heart
 That Satan cannot move.

5 I would be thine ; thou know'st I would,
 And have thee all my own ;
 Thee, O my all-sufficient Good
 I want, and thee alone.—*C. Wesley.*

38

C. M.

1 **S**earch me, O God, my actions try,
 And let my life appear
 As seen by thine all-searching eye,
 To mine, my ways made clear.

2 Search all my sense, and know my heart,
 Who only canst make known,
 And let the deep, the hidden part
 To me be fully shown.

3 Throw light into the darkened cells
 Where inbred passion reigns ;
 Quicken my conscience till it feels
 The filth of sin's remains.

4 Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
 The motives that control ;
 The chambers where polluted things
 Hold empire o'er the soul.

5 Search till thy fiery glance has cast
 Its holy light through all,
 And I by grace am brought at last
 Before thy face to fall.

6 Thus prostrate I shall learn of thee,
 What now I feebly prove,
 That God alone in Christ can be—
 Unutterable love!—*F. Bottome.*

39

C. M.

COME, thou omniscient Son of man,
 Display thy sifting power;
 Come, with thy Spirit's win'wing fan,
 And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing,
 Far from our souls be driven;
 The wheat into thy garner bring,
 And lay us up for heaven.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
 Far from our hearts remove;
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,
 Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fullness know,
 From every sin set free;
 Saved to the utmost, saved below,
 And perfected in thee.—*C. Wesley.*

40

7s

JESUS, Lord, I come to thee,
 Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
 Set my longing spirit free,
 Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—I'm redeem'd, redeem'd, wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
 I'm redeem'd, redeem'd, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

2 Speak, and let my heart be clean, Wash'd, etc.;
 Fully saved from inbred sin, Wash'd, etc.

3 Cleanse me, wash me white as snow, Wash'd, etc.;
 Let me all thy fullness know, Wash'd, etc.

4 To my heart the bliss reveal, Wash'd, etc.;
 Fix on me the Spirit's seal, Wash'd, etc.

5 All thy fullness now I claim, Wash'd, etc.;
 Through the dear Redeemer's name, Wash'd, etc.;

6 I am saved by blood divine, Wash'd, etc.;
 All the bliss of faith is mine, Wash'd, etc.—*M'Donald.*

41

8s, 8s, 6s.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
 It lifts me up to things above ;
 It bears on eagles' wings ;
 It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below ;
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest :
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up ;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess ;
 This moment end my legal years ;
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
 Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
 The carnal mind remove ;
 The purchase of thy death divide ;
 And O ! with all the sanctified
 Give me a lot of love.—*C. Wesley.*

42

8s & 7s.

CHRISTIAN pilgrim, on life's journey,
 Sore beset without, within ;
 Wouldst thou gain a "full salvation,"
 Victory o'er indwelling sin ?
 There's a fullness in thy Jesus !
 He to save his people came—
 Came to *cleanse* as well as pardon,
 Thus his promises proclaim.

2 Why then, all thy life, go mourning,
 Sin-sick pilgrim ?—'tis in vain ;
 All thy sighs, and tears, and groanings
 Cannot blot a single stain.

The sweet graces that thou lackest
 Are the *gift* of God to man ;
 And the gift is just proportioned
 To the asking ! such God's plan.

3 Cast thine own poor self behind thee,
 No more o'er thy weakness grieve ;
 "He is faithful that hath promised,"
 Look to Jesus and believe.
 Trusting thus, sin's power is broken,
 Jesus' righteousness is thine :
 All the treasures of his fullness
 Giveth he by grace divine.

43

6 lines 8s.

ALL things are possible to him
 That can in Jesus' name believe ;
 Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
 Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
 I can, I do believe in thee ;
 All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
 Is that I e'er from sin should cease ;
 Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;
 Jesus, I trust thy faithfulness !
 If nothing is too hard for thee,
 All things are possible to me.

3 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
 That I shall serve thee without fear,
 Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
 Holy, and pure, and perfect here ;
 The servant as his Lord shall be ;
 All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,—
 To Christ, the power of God in man,—
 To me when I am all renew'd,—
 When I in Christ am form'd again,
 And witness, from all sins set free,
 All things are possible to me.—*C. Wesley.*

44

8s & 7s.

YE who know your sins forgiven,
 And are happy in the Lord,
 Have you read the gracious promise
 Which is left upon record ?

I will sprinkle you with water,
 I will cleanse you from all sin,
 Sanctify and make you holy ;
 I will come and dwell within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find ;
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
 To procure your full salvation,
 Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died
 On the cross ; the healing fountain
 Gush'd from his wounded side.

3 Come, ye hungry, thirsty children,
 Seek, O seek, this holy state ;
 None but holy ones can enter
 Through the pure celestial gate.
 Can you bear the thought of losing
 All the joys that are above ?
 When, by simple faith in Jesus,
 You may know his perfect love.

4 Be as holy and as happy,
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your father's pleasure,
 Jesus, only Jesus, know.
 Spread, O, spread the holy fire,
 Meekly tell what God has done ;
 Till all nations are conform'd
 To the image of his Son.—*L. Hartsough.*

CONSECRATION AND FAITH.

45 7s, 6s.
 M Y body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee,
 A consecrated off'ring, Thine evermore to be.

*Cho.—*My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire ;
 Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name,
 I look for thy salvation, Thy promise now I claim.

3 O ! let the fire descending Just now upon my soul, [whole.
 Consume my humble offering, And cleanse and make me

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash edby thy precious blood.
 Now seal me by thy Spirit, A sacrifice to God.

Mary D. James.

46

8s & 7s.

O TO love thee, precious Jesus,
 O to know that thou art mine ;
 All my heart I give thee, Jesus,
 If thou wilt but make it thine.

Cho.—Precious name, precious name, thou art all the world to me.
 All of earth, all of heav'n, all I want I find in thee.

- 2 Take my warmest, best affections ;
 Take my memory, mind, and will ;
 Then with all thy loving spirit
 All my emptied nature fill.
- 3 Dearer, nearer than a brother,
 Source and aim of all my bliss,
 All of joy and all of sorrow
 Find their end in knowing this.
- 4 Bold, I touch thy sacred garment ;
 Fearless stretch my eager hand ;
 Virtue, like a healing fountain,
 Freely flows at love's command.
- 5 O how precious, dear Redeemer,
 Is the love that fills my soul !
 It is done ! The word is spoken !
 " Be thou every whit made whole ! "
- 6 Lo ! a new creation dawning ;
 Lo ! I rise to life divine.
 In my soul an Easter morning,
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.—*Bottome.*

47

7s.

I AM coming to the cross,
 I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord in thee ; Bless'd Lamb of Calvary ;
 Humbly at thy cross I bow ; Jesus saves me—saves me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
 Long has evil dwelt within ;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me :
 " I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give up all to thee,—
 Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
 Soul and body thine to be—
 Wholly thine—for evermore,

4 In the promises I trust ;
 Now I feel the blood applied ;
 I am prostrate in the dust ;
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes ! he fills my soul !
 Perfected in love I am ;
 I am every whit made whole ;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—*M'Donald.*

48

7s & 6s.

O WHO'LL stand up for Jesus,
 The lowly Nazarene,
 And raise the blood-stained banner
 Amid the hosts of sin ?

Cho.—The cross of Christ I'll cherish, its crucifixion bear ;
 All hail reproach or sorrow if Jesus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus,
 Amid report and shame ?
 While others shrink and falter,
 Who'll glory in his name ?

3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
 And wild the storm may blow,
 And though friends may go forever,
 Who will with Jesus go ?

4 My all to Christ I've given,
 My talents, time, and voice,
 Myself, my reputation,
 His glory is my choice.—*L. Hartsough.*

49

7s.

SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting through a stormy way,
 Even when my faith is small—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting him while life shall last, trusting him till earth is past,
 Till within the jasper wall—trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine ;
 While he leads I cannot fall—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing if my way is clear ;
 Praying if the path is drear ;
 If in danger, for him call—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by,
 Trusting him whate'er befall—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.—*Page.*

50

7s.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my hands and let them move,
 At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Only, always for my King ;
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from thee.
 Take my silver and my gold ;
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it thine ;
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart ; it *is* thine own ;
 It shall be thy royal throne.
 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store.
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, *only*, ALL for thee.—*F. R. Havergal.*

51

L. M.

A BRAHAM, when severely tried,
 His faith by his obedience show'd :
 He with the harsh command complied,
 And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 O for a faith like his, that we
 The bright example may pursue ;
 May gladly give up all to thee,
 To whom our more than all is due.

3 Is there a thing than life more dear ?
 A thing from which we cannot part ?
 We can ; we now rejoice to tear
 The idol from our bleeding heart.

4 Jesus, accept our sacrifice ;
 All things for thee we count but loss ;
 Lo ! at thy word our Isaac dies,
 Dies on the altar of thy cross.

5 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
 A hundred-fold we here obtain ;
 And soon with thee shall all receive,
 And loss shall be eternal gain.—*C. Wesley.*

52

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all !—*Watts.*

53

L. M.

ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine ;
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die ;
 Be thine through all eternity ;
 The vow is past, beyond repeal,
 And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform ;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.—*Davies.*

54

L. M.

MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace ;
 In every high and stormy gale
 My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the 'whelming flood :
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.—*E. Mote.*

55

L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
 Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;
 Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
 To-day as yesterday the same.

- 2 By faith we know thee strong to save ;
 (Save us, a present Saviour thou !)
 Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
 Future and past subsisting now.
- 3 To him that in thy name believes,
 Eternal life with thee is given ;
 Into himself he all receives,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 Faith lends its realizing light,
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
 The' Invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.—*C. Wesley.*

56

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done.

- 2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,—
 I only yield thee what is thine : Thy, etc.
- 3 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, help me still to say, Thy, etc.

4 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say, Thy, etc.

5 And when on earth I breathe no more,
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before
 I'll sing on heaven's blissful shore, Thy, etc.

Elliott.

57

C. M.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
 This inbred sin remove :
 Now, in my waiting soul reveal
 The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
 Thy righteousness brought in ;
 I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
 To be redeemed from sin.

3 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
 This moment be subdued ;
 Be cast into the crimson tide
 Of my Redeemer's blood.

4 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
 My present Saviour thou !
 In all the confidence of hope
 I claim the blessing now.

5 'Tis done : thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless ;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.—*C. Wesley.*

58

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,—
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease ;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die :
 They see the triumph from afar,—
 By faith they bring it nigh.—*Watts.*

59

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free ?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free ;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' pierced feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And his dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
 O resurrection day !
 Ye angels, from the heavens come down
 And bear my soul away.—*Mason.*

60

C. M.

IN hope, against all human hope,
 Self-desperate, I believe ;
 Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
 Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought,
 But faithful is my Lord ;
 Through unbelief I stagger not,
 For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone ;
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And cries, “ It shall be done ! ”

4 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove ;
 But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.—*C. Wesley.*

61

C. M.

THE cross ! the cross ! the blood-stained cross !
 The hallow'd cross I see,
 Reminding me of precious blood
 That once was shed for me.

O the blood ! the precious blood ! that Jesus shed for me
 Upon the cross in crimson flood, just now by faith I see.

- 2 A thousand thousand fountains spring
 Up from the throne of God ;
 But none to me such blessings bring
 As Jesus' precious blood.
- 3 That priceless blood my ransom paid,
 While I in bondage stood ;
 On Jesus all my sins were laid ;
 He saved me with his blood.
- 4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
 My sins, as like a flood ;
 Nor lets one guilty blemish stay ;
 All praise to Jesus' blood !
- 5 This wondrous theme will best employ
 My harp before my God ;
 And make all heaven resound with joy
 For Jesus' cleansing blood.—*McDonald.*

62

S. M.

AND can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive ?

*Cho.—Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe ;
 In that fountain fill'd with blood, he washes white as snow.*

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
 My friends, my all, resign :
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove ;
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.—*C. Wesley.*

63

IN some way or other the Lord will provide :
 It may not be *my* way, it may not be *thy* way ;
 And yet, in his *own* way, “ The Lord will provide.”

Cho.—Then we’ll trust in the Lord, and he will provide ;
 Yes, we’ll trust in the Lord, and he will provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide :
 It may not be *my* time, it may not be *thy* time ;
 And yet, in his *own* time, “ The Lord will provide.”

3 Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide ;
 And this be the token—no word he hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken : “ The Lord will provide.”

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide ;
 The pathway made glorious with shoutings victorious,
 We’ll join in the chorus, “ The Lord will provide.”

Mrs. M. A. Cook.

64

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altar slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
 To feel the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.—*Watts.*

65

8s & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee :
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Perish every fond ambition,
 All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heav’n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me :—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me !
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Try to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee !
 What a Father's smile is thine !
 What a Saviour died to win thee !
 Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine ?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to full fruition,
 Faith to sight and pray'r to praise.—*H. F. Lyte.*

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer !
 Welcome to this heart of mine ;
 Lord, I make a full surrender ;
 Every power and thought be thine ;
 Thine entirely ; Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear ;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is there.
 Shout, O Zion ! Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.

67

6s.

I BRING my sins to thee, The sins I cannot count,
 That all may cleansèd be In thy once open'd fount.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe,
 Sin has left a crimson stain, he washes white as snow.

2 My heart to thee I bring, The heart I cannot read,
 A faithless wand'ring thing, An evil heart indeed.

3 To thee I bring my care, The care I cannot flee ;
 Thou wilt not only share, But take it all for me.

4 I bring my grief to thee, The grief I cannot tell ;
 No words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well.

5 My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has giv'n,
 That each may be a wing To lift me nearer heav'n.

6 My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own ;
 O Saviour, let me be thine, Ever thine alone.

Francis R. Havergal.

68

6, 6, 4.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour Divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my sin away :

O let me from this day Be wholly thine !

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire.

As thou hast died for me,

O may my love to thee

Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide.

Bid darkness turn to day,

Wipe sorrow's tears away,

Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love
 Fear and distrust remove,

O bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul !—*R. Palmer.*

69

THE precious blood of Jesus, It washes white as snow ;

2 Lord, I believe it, For thou hast washèd me.

3 Shout, shout the victory, We're on our journey home,

4 We shall wear a crown of glory With Jesus in the sky.

70

O to be nothing, nothing,
 Only to lie at his feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.
 Emptied that he might fill me
 As forth to his service I go ;
 Broken, that so unhindered,
 His life through me might flow.

Cho.—O to be nothing, nothing, only to lie at his feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel, for the Master's use made meet.

2 O to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by his hand ;
 A messenger at his gateway,
 Only waiting for his command ;
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at his will,
 Willing, should he not require me
 In silence to wait on him still.

3 O to be nothing, nothing,
 Painful the humbling may be :
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
 That the world might my Saviour see.
 Rather be nothing, nothing,—
 To him let their voices be raised ;
 He is the Fountain of blessing,
 He only is most to be praised.

Georgiana M. Taylor.

71

I HEAR the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small ;
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,
 Find in me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all—All to him I owe,
 Sin had left a crimson stain ;
 He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy power, and thine alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
 Whereby thy grace to claim—
 I wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
 My ransom'd soul shall rise,
 Then "Jesus paid it all"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
 I stand in him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.—*Mrs. E. M. Hall.*

72

6 lines 8s.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive
 A holy, living sacrifice :
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
 More shouldst thou have if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul :
 No longer mine, but thine I am ;
 Guard thou thine own, possess it whole ;
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame :
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy will :
 Here let thy light forever shine,
 This house still let thy presence fill ;
 O source of life, live, dwell, and move
 In me, till all my life be love.—*J. Wesley.*

73

THE blood of Christ now cleanses me
 As soon as I believe.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid,
 They're wash'd as white as snow.

3 No Jewish type could cleanse me so,
 'Tis Jesus' blood alone.

4 I stagger not through unbelief,
 For God hath spoke the word.

5 O death to me has lost its sting,
 I've Jesus in my heart.

6 Soon, soon, I'll soar to realms above
 And reign with Jesus there.

74

8, 7.

THE great physician now is near,
 I love the name of Jesus;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 I now believe in Jesus.

Believing, believing, There's nothing like believing;
 For if you want to go to heaven You must live and die believing.

- 2 He speaks just now my sins forgiven,
 And gives me glory, peace, and heaven.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I will believe in Jesus' name.

75

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portion'd out for me,
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see;
 I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing thee.

- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes;
 A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 That seeks for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate;
 A work of lowly love to do
 For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied;
 A mind to blend the outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side:
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.—*A. L. Waring.*

Mike. Eli. Dan. Lloyd.

76

NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me, My rest a stone :

 Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven :
 All that thou sendest me In mercy given :

 Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy
 Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise [praise,
 So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee !

5 Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forget, Upward I fly ;

 Still all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee !

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

FULL SALVATION.

77

87, 87, 47.

FULL salvation ! full salvation !
 Lo ! the fountain open'd wide
 Streams through ev'ry land and nation,
 From the Saviour's wounded side :
 Full salvation ! Streams an endless crimson tide.

2 O'er the page of condemnation
 See the cleansing current flow,
 Washing stains of deep carnation
 Whiter than the driven snow :
 Full salvation ! O, the rapturous bliss to know !

3 Love's resistless current sweeping
 All the regions deep within ;
 Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
 Now, and every instant, clean ;
 Full salvation ! Full salvation from all sin !

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
 Lo, the Spirit seeks His shrine !

God and man in oneness bending—
O, what fellowship is mine !
Full salvation, Raised in Christ to life divine.

5 Care and doubting, sin and sorrow,
Fear and shame, are mine no more ;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before ;
Full salvation, Full and free for evermore !

Bottome.

78

0 the bitter shame, and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity,
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,—
"All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me ; I beheld Him,
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly,—
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,—
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd :
Grant me now my soul's desire,—
"None of self, and all of Thee."—*Monod.*

79

C. M.

I MMORTAL principles forbid
The sons of God to sin ;
Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will ;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

3 They find access at every hour
To God within the vail ;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls ! O glorious state
 Of overflowing grace !
 To dwell so near the Father's seat,
 And see his lovely face.—*Watts.*

80

BENEATH the glorious throne above
 The crystal fountain springing,
 A river full of life and love
 Is joy and gladness bringing.

Cho.—O fount of mercy flowing free,
 That fount is open'd wide to me ;
 To me, to me, is open'd wide to me.

2 Through all my soul its waters flow,
 Through all my senses stealing ;
 And deep within my heart I know
 The consciousness of healing.

3 The barren wastes are fruitful lands,
 The desert blooms with roses ;
 And He, the glory of all lands,
 His lovely face discloses.

4 My sun no more goes down by day,
 My moon no more is waning ;
 My feet run swift the shining way,
 The heavenly portals gaining.

5 O depth of mercy, breadth of grace,
 O love of God unbounded !
 My soul is lost in sweet amaze,
 O wondrous love confounded !—*Bottome.*

81

I AM thine own, O Christ ! Henceforth entirely
 thine,
 And life from this glad hour, New life, is mine.

2 No earthly joy can lure My quiet soul from thee ;
 This deep delight, so pure Is heaven to me.

3 My joyful song of praise In sweet content I sing :
 To thee the note I raise, My King ! my King !

4 I cannot tell the art By which such bliss is given :
 I know thou hast my heart, And I have heaven.

5 O peace, O holy rest, O balmy breath of love :
 O heart, divinest, best—Thy depth I prove.

6 I ask this gift of thee—A life all lily-fair,
 And fragrant as the place Where seraphs are.

Mrs. Bradley.

82

C. M.

God loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall !
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love ! The love of God to me ;
 It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
 The risen Son of God ;
 Redemption by his death I find,
 And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
 And to his saints makes known
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,
 Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste here below
 Of endless life in heaven.—*Mrs. M. Stockton.*

83

JESUS hath died and hath risen again
 Pardon and peace to bestow ;
 Fully I trust him ; from sin's guilty stain
 Jesus saves me now.

Cho.—Jesus saves me now, Jesus saves me now ;
 Yes, Jesus saves me all the time ; Jesus saves me now.

2 Sin's condemnation is over and gone,
 Jesus alone knoweth how ;
 Life and salvation my soul hath put on ;
 Jesus saves me now.

3 Resting in Jesus, abiding in him,
 Gladly my faith can avow ;
 Never again need my pathway be dim,
 Jesus saves me now.

4 Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin,
 Satan to Jesus must bow ;
 Therefore I triumph without and within,
 Jesus saves me now.—*A. C. Downer.*

84

8, 8, 8, 6.

HE tells me when, and where, and how,
 Just at His footstool as I bow,
 The blood of Jesus cleanses now ;
 This moment I believe.

85

12s & 8s.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And Jesus abides with me there ;
 And his Spirit and blood makes my cleansing com-
 And his perfect love casteth out fear. [plete,

Cho.—O come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
 Where Jesus will fullness bestow,
 And believe, and receive, and confess him,
 That all his salvation may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And plenty the land doth impart ;
 And there's rest for the weary, worn traveler's feet,
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 Such as none but the blood-washed may feel ;
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
 And Christ sets his covenant seal.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 That angels would fain join the strain ;
 As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
 Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

Mrs. Wittenmyer.

86

C. M.

O, NOW I see the crimson wave,
 The fountain deep and wide ;
 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see !
 I plunge, and, O, it cleanseth me ;
 O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me !
 It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me !

- 2 I see the new creation rise,
 I hear the speaking blood ;
 It speaks ! polluted nature dies !
 Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world and sin,
 With heart made pure, and garments white,
 And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace ! 'tis heav'n below
 To feel the blood applied ;
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,
 My Jesus crucified.—*Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.*

87

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side:
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died !

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.—*C. Wesley.*

88

C. M.

MY heart is resting, O my God,
 I will give thanks and sing ;
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of ev'ry precious thing.

- 2 Now the frail vessel thou hast made,
 No hand but thine shall fill ;
 The waters of the earth have failed,
 And I am thirsty still.
- 3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise—
 I seek the treasure of thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.
- 4 And a new song is in my mouth,
 To long-loved music set—
 Glory to thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet.
- 5 There is a certainty of love
 That sets my heart at rest ;
 A calm assurance for to-day,
 That to be poor is best.
- 6 A prayer reposing on his truth,
 Who hath made all things mine ;
 That draws my captive will to him,
 And makes it one with thine.

Anna L. Waring.

89

C. M.

OUR God is love ; and all his saints
 His image bear below ;
 The heart with love to God inspired,
 With love to man will glow.

- 2 None who are truly born of God
 Can live in enmity ;
 Then may we love each other, Lord,
 As we are loved by thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same,
 With bonds of love our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the unbelieving world
 See how true Christians love ;
 And glorify our Saviour's grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.

Bickersteth's Col.

90

6 lines 8s.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyss,
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Love with an everlasting love.—*Zinzendorf.*

91

O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
 By which the sinner lives !
 When stung with sin, this blood we view,
 And all our joy revives.

Cho.—O, the blood of Jesus ! the precious blood of Jesus !
 O, the blood of Jesus ! it cleanseth from all sin !

- 2 The blood that purchas'd our release
 Now washes out our stains ;
 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
 No spot of sin remains.
- 3 The blood that makes his glorious Church
 From every blemish free ;
 And O ! the riches of his love,
 He pour'd it out for me.
- 4 Guilty and worthless as I was,
 It all for me was given ;
 And boldness through that blood I have
 To enter into heaven.—*Toplady.*

10 & 11s.

92

ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet :
 His love we proclaim, his praises repeat.

Cho.—Hallelujah, 'tis done ! salvation is won ;
 We "are clean through the Word" of the dear "Holy One."

- 2 We own him our Jesus, continually near
 To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.
- 3 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
 Preserved by his grace through ev'ry dark hour.
- 4 In all our temptations he gives us, to prove
 His utmost salvation, his fullness of love.
- 5 And this we do find, that to Him we're so join'd,
 He'll not be in glory, and leave us behind.—*Wesley.*

11s.

93

YE that are weary and laden of soul, [whole ;
 Come, come to the fountain that maketh you
 There's peace in believing, there's rest in His name.
 There's healing for all in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest,
 In the bosom of Jesus there only is rest.

- 2 O cease from your anguish ye toilers for life,
 For vain is your labor and fruitless your strife,
 No hope can they bring you, no joy to your heart,
 None, none but the Saviour can resting impart.

Part II George, Lloyd.

3 Then come to the Saviour, ye weary and worn,
Your burdens and sorrows for you he hath borne ;
No anguish that pierceth but pierced him before,
No thorn is so sharp as the crown which he wore.

4 Rest, rest, blessed Jesus, O sweet rest at last ;
Like calm on the ocean when tempest is past ;
The morning-light breaketh in joy from above,
And illumines my soul with his rainbow of love.

Bottome.

IIS.

94

THE conflict is over, the tempest is past,
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last ;
The billows that fill'd my poor soul with alarm,
Are hush'd at his word into stillness and calm.

Cho.—I'm resting, I'm resting, I'm resting at last,
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last.

2 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that he maketh me perfectly whole.
There's joy everlasting to feel his blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.

3 O hinder me not while His love I proclaim,
My soul makes her boast of his wonderful name.
I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,
Then bounding with gladness triumphant I go.

4 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that he maketh me perfectly whole.
O come to the fountain, O come at his call, [all.
There's healing, and cleansing, and welcome for

Bottome.

IIS.

95

O BLISS of the purified ! bliss of the free !
I plung'd in the crimson tide open'd for me !
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

Cho.—O ! sing of His mighty love—mighty to save.

2 O bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine ;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace
Who lifted upon me the smiles of His face !

3 O bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure ;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

4 O, Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing !
 My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King !
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the mighty to save !

Bottome.

96

6 lines 8s.

1 L ORD, thou hast made Thyself to me
 A living, bright reality,
 More present to faith's vision keen
 Than any outward object seen ;
 More dear, more intimately nigh,
 Than e'en the closest earthly tie.

2 And thou, blest vision of my soul,
 Hast made my broken nature whole ;
 Hast purified my base desires
 And kindled passion's holiest fires.
 My nature thou hast lifted up,
 And filled me with a glorious hope.

3 Nearer and dearer still to me,
 Thou living, loving, Saviour be.
 Brighter the vision of thy face,
 More charming still thy words of grace ;
 So, life shall be transformed to love,
 A heaven below—a heaven above.—*French.*

97

1 I LEFT it all with Jesus Long ago ;
 All my sins I brought him, And my woe.
 When by faith I saw him On the tree,
 Heard his small, still whisper, 'Tis for thee ;
 From my heart the burden Rolled away—
 Happy day.

2 I leave it all with Jesus Day by day ;
 Faith can firmly trust him Come what may.
 Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest
 In the calm, sure haven Of his breast :
 Love esteems it heaven To abide
 At his side,

3 O, leave it all with Jesus, Drooping soul !
 Tell not half the story, But the whole.
 Worlds on worlds are hanging On his hand,
 Life and death are waiting His command ;
 Yet his tender bosom Makes thee room—

O come home !—*E. H. Willis.*

98

12s & 9s.

I HAVE heard of a fountain of cleansing from sin,
 Where the guilty may wash and be clean ;
 Transgressions without and pollution within
 Are lost in the health-giving stream.

Cho.—O come to this fountain of cleansing, O come,
 So freely for all it doth flow ;
 Salvation and peace for each sin-burden'd one,
 And healing will Jesus bestow.

- 2 This glorious fountain by faith I now see,
 And, guided by light from above,
 I bathe my poor soul in its waters so free,
 And am saved through omnipotent love.
- 3 This life-giving fountain I'll publish below,
 Till I enter the city so fair ;
 There glories untold will the Saviour bestow,
 That only the purified share.
- 4 O, wonderful fountain, I'll sing of its fame,
 Of the power of its life-giving stream ;
 The glory ascribe to Immanuel's name,
 So mighty from sin to redeem.
- 5 Forever at home in that beautiful land,
 With the blood washed so holy and clean ;
 We'll sing the new song 'mid the angelic band,
 For this fountain once opened for sin.

Mrs. M. Stockton.

99

L. M.

ALL scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impressed with sacred love ;
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee—
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

- 2 To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in ev'ry clime.
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with my God to guide my way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
 But regions none remote I call
 Secure of finding God in all.—*Madame Guion.*

100

9s.

LET us sing of his love once again,
 Of the love that can never decay,
 Of the blood of the Lamb newly slain,
 Till we praise him again in that day.
Cho.—I believe—Jesus saves,
 And his blood makes me “whiter than snow.”

- 2 There is cleansing and healing for all
 Who have washed in the life-giving blood ;
 There is life everlasting and joy
 At the right hand of God, through the blood.
- 3 Even now while we taste of his love
 We are filled with delight at his name ;
 But what will it be when above
 We shall join in the song of the Lamb.
- 4 Then we'll march in his name till we come
 At his bidding to enter our rest ;
 And the Father shall welcome us home
 To our place in the realms of the blest.
- 5 So with banner unfurled to the breeze,
 Our motto shall holiness be,
 Till the crown at his hand we shall seize,
 And the King in his glory we see.—*Bottome.*

101

L. M.

THOU sweet, beloved will of God,
 My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
 My spirit's silent, fair abode,
 In thee I hide me and am still.

- 2 O will, that wildest good alone,
 Lead thou the way, thou guidest best ;
 A little child, I follow on,
 And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.
- 3 Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
 Holds fast in his sublime embrace
 My captive will, a gladsome bird,
 Prison'd in such a realm of grace.
- 4 Within this place of certain good
 Love evermore expands her wings ;
 Or, nestling in thy perfect choice,
 Abides content with what it brings.
- 5 Upon God's will I lay me down,
 As child upon its mother's breast ;

No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

6 Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine ;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes !
To every dear command of thine.

Madame Guion.

102

COME to the fountain flowing deep and wide,
Flowing for sinners from Immanuel's side ;
Rise from 'neath its purple tide
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

*Cho.—Glory evermore to the dear Redeemer's name,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.*

2 Ye who are burden'd with a sense of sin,
Feeling its guilt and secret power within,
May be made entirely clean,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Still flows the fountain ever full and free,
Saving its thousands, even such as we ;
And yet thousands more may be
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*T. C. O'Kane.*

103

L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Saviour of thy Church below ;
If now thy spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And trust thy sanctifying word,
Who thee their utmost Saviour own—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O sanctify them, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below ;
From every sinful wrinkle free—
Redeemed from all iniquity.

4 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

5 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move—
A proverb of reproach and love.—*C. Wesley.*

104

88, 86.

O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
 Since on thy arm thou bidd'st me lean,
 Help me throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to rest in thee.

- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine ;
 E'en as the branches in the vine,
 My soul shall rest in thee.
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
 Here has she found her place of rest,
 An exile still, yet not unbless'd,
 While she can rest in thee.
- 4 Without a murmur, I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss,
 My joy, my consolation this,
 Each hour to rest in thee.
- 5 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The soul that rests in thee !
- 6 They fear not Satan, nor the grave ;
 They feel thee near, and strong to save ,
 Nor dread to cross e'en death's cold wave,
 Because they rest in thee.—*Charlotte Elliott.*

105

8s & 7s.

NEARER, Jesus, bring us nearer
 To thy precious, blee-ding side ;
 We would cast our idols from us,
 We would nearer thee abide.

Cho.—Glory, glory be to Jesus,
I can count all things but loss ;
I have found a full salvation,
I am resting at the cross.

- 2 May our robes be pure and spotless,
 Without wrinkle, blood-washed, white ;
 Ready for the day of crowning.
 Ready for our home of light.
- 3 Make my heart thy home, dear Jesus,
 Thine to wash, to cleanse, refine ;
 Thine by blood-bought right to enter ;
 Thine through endless ages, thine.

E. J. Coffin.

106

8s & 7s.

PRECIOUS Saviour, thou dost save me ;
Thine and only thine I am.

O ! the cleansing blood has reached me ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me ; Glory, glory to the Lamb !
O ! the cleansing blood has reached me ; Glory, glory to the Lamb !

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest ;
But I gave all trying over ;
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment,
Knowing now the blood applied ;
Lying at the cleansing fountain,
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die for thee ;
I will witness to thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus—
He hath surely saved my soul ,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption ;
Sanctified, and made me whole.

Mrs. L. R. Stead.

107

BURIED with Christ and raised with him too ;
What is there left for me to do ?
Simply to cease from struggling and strife,
Simply to "walk in newness of life." Glory be to God.

2 "Risen with Christ," my glorious head,
Holiness now the pathway I tread ;
Beautiful thought, while walking therein,
"He that is dead is freed from sin." Glory, etc.

3 Living with Christ, who "dieth no more,"
Following Christ who goeth before ;
I am from bondage utterly freed,
Reckoning self now "dead indeed." Glory, etc.

4 Living for Christ, my members I yield,
Servant to God, for evermore seal'd.

"Not under law," I'm now "under grace ;"
Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place. Glory, etc.

T. Ryder.

108

8s & 7s.

O THE voice of tender mercy,
Clear and full above the strife ;
It is Jesus passing by me,
Hark ! He speaks the word of life.

Cho.—He is calling, “Come to me ;”
Lord, I’ll gladly haste to thee.

2 Lo ! His arm hath brought salvation ;
He is mighty to redeem ;
There’s no mortal tribulation
But is lost in finding Him.

3 Lamb of God, His blood atoneth,
He the perfect sacrifice ;
Not a sin my soul bemoaneth,
But upon His altar dies.

4 Son of God, He ever liveth,
Saves me to the uttermost !
And in Him my soul receiveth
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5 Blessed sense of heaven within me,
Blessed consciousness of love ;
Blessed resurrection glory,
Raised to sit with Christ above.

6 O the fullness of salvation !
O the broadness of His grace !
O the rapturous exaltation !
O the smiling of His face !—*Bottome.*

109

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;
Let Thy precious blood, applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

Every day, every hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power ;
May thy tender love to me, Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go.
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray ;
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o’er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

110 I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
 And gaze on the ocean of love ;
 And over its waves to my spirit
 Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

*Cho.—The cross now covers my sins, The past is under the blood ;
 I'm trusting in Jesus for all, My will is the will of my God.*

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
 The blessing that setteth me free ;
 But, when I had ceased from my struggles,
 His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and heal'd me,
 And bade me be every whit whole ;
 I touched but the hem of his garment,
 And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
 The light of His face is on me ;
 But listen, beloved, He speaketh—
 “ My peace I will give unto thee.”—*W. Craft.*

111

7s.

LOVED with everlasting love,
 Led by grace that love to know ;
 Spirit, breathing from above,
 Thou hast taught me it is so !
 O, this full and perfect peace !
 O, this transport all divine !
 In a love which cannot cease,
 I am His, and He is mine.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
 Earth around is sweeter green ;
 Something lives in every hue
 Christless eyes have never seen :
 Birds with gladden songs o'erflow,
 Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
 Since I know, as *now* I know,
 I am His, and He is mine.

3 His forever, only His,
 Who the Lord and me shall part ?
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss,
 Christ can fill the loving heart !
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
 Firstborn light in gloom decline ;
 But, while God and I shall be,
 I am His, and He is mine.—*W. Robinson.*

112

9s & 8s.

ALL glory to Jesus be given,
 That life and salvation are free ;
 And all may be washed and forgiven,
 That Jesus can save even me.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save, And all his salvation may know ;
 Come plunge in the sin-cleansing wave ;
 His blood cleanseth whiter than snow.

2 From darkness, from sin, and despair,
 Out into the light of his love,
 He brought me and made me an heir,
 To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 O, rapturous heights of his love !
 O, measureless depths of his grace !
 My soul all his fullness would prove,
 And live in his loving embrace.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
 His love makes my heaven below ;
 And freely his blood is applied,
 His blood that makes whiter than snow.

Mrs. Wittenmyer.

L. M.

113

JESUS ! Thy blood was shed for all,
 To cleanse from every guilty stain,
 Each sinner ruined by the Fall,
 And bring him to Thy fold again.

[within ;
 The fountain now is open wide To cleanse and keep me pure
 I plunge me in the crimson tide, And rise redeem'd from every sin.

2 O ! let me here declare his power
 To wash and make the foulest clean ;
 To keep me holy every hour,
 And cleanse me *now* from every sin.

3 Come, brethren, now, " Believe, believe ! "
 Trust Jesus *now* for perfect love ;
 By faith, by faith, just now receive
 The blessing coming from above !

4 " 'Tis come ! 'Tis come ! His blood applied
 This moment makes me white as snow ;
 I'm plunging in the crimson tide,
 Its power and fullness *now I know*.

5 " O ! hallelujah to the Lord !—
 The Lamb for every sinner slain ;
 We'll spread abroad His wond'rous fame,
 Whose blood can cleanse each sinful stain."

114.

7s & 6s.

ILAY my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all and frees us From the accursed load.

Hallelujah, Jesus saves me, He makes me " white as snow."

2I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious, Till not a spot remains.

3I lay my wants on Jesus—All fullness dwells in him ;
He healeth my diseases, He doth my soul redeem.

4I lay my griefs on Jesus, My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.

5I rest my soul on Jesus, This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces, I on his heart recline.

6I love the name of Jesus—Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes, His name abroad is poured.

H. Bonar.

L. M.

115.

I'M more than conq'ror through his blood,
Jesus saves me now ;
I rest beneath the shield of God, Jesus saves me now ;
I go a kingdom to obtain,
I shall through him the vict'ry gain, Jesus, etc.

2Before the battle lines are spread, Jesus, etc. ;
Before the boasting foe is dead, Jesus, etc. ;
I win the fight though not begun,
I'll trust and shout, still marching on, Jesus, etc.

3I'll ask no more that I may see, Jesus, etc. ;
His promise is enough for me, Jesus, etc. ;
Though foes be strong and walls be high,
I'll shout, he gives the victory, Jesus, etc.

4Why should I ask a sign from God ? Jesus, etc. ;
Can I not trust the precious blood ? Jesus, etc. ;
Strong in his word, I meet the foe,
And shouting, win without a blow, Jesus, etc.

5Should Satan come like 'whelming waves, Jesus, etc. ;
Or trials crush, my Father saves, Jesus, etc.
He hides me till the storm is past,
For me he tempers every blast, Jesus, etc.—*J. Parker.*

116

REJOICING.

MY life flows on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentation
I catch the sweet though far-off song
That hails a new creation ;

Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing,
 It finds an echo in my soul—
 How can I keep from singing.

2 What though my joys and comfort die?
 The Lord, my Saviour, liveth ;
 What though the darkness gather round ?
 Songs in the night He giveth.
 No storm can shake my inmost calm,
 While to that refuge clinging ;
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing ?

3 I lift my eyes ; the cloud grows thin ;
 I see the blue above it ;
 And day by day this pathway smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it.
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing ;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing ?

Miss A. Warner.

117

L. M.

OHAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho. Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away :
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day ;
 Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
 With him of every good possess'd.

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.—*Doddridge.*

118

8s & 7s.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Calls for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 4 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
- 5 Weak and helpless, Lord, I feel it ;
 Still dependent on thy love ;
 Here's my heart, O, take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above.—*Robinson.*

119

8s & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Here I sit, in wonder viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 5 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his death each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.—*Batty.*

120

8 3, 888 3.

MY heart is fixed, eternal God, Fixed on thee ;
 And my immortal choice is made ; Christ for me.
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Who did for me salvation bring ;
 And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me.

2 In pining sickness or in health, Christ for me ;
 In deepest poverty or wealth, Christ for me ;
 And in that all-important day,
 When I the summons must obey,
 And pass from this dark world away, Christ for me.

3 At home, abroad, by night and day, Christ for me ;
 Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me ;
 Him first and last, him all day long,
 My hope, my solace, and my song ;
 Convince me if you think I'm wrong ; Christ for me.

4 Now who can sing my song and say, Christ for me ?
 My life and truth, my light and way, Christ for me ?
 Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 We'll form a happy singing band,
 And shout aloud throughout the land, Christ for me !

R. Jukes.

C. M.

121

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights :—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conq'ror through.—*Watts.*

122

Ios.

MY Lord, I am thine ! what mercy is this,
To claim me on earth, then raise me to bliss.

Cho. My Lord, I am thine, what comfort divine ;
How blessed to know that salvation is mine !

- 2 To ask my weak service, to take my poor heart,
Thyself and thy heaven to me to impart ;
- 3 Thy blood it hath bought me, and all that I have ;
Thy grace it shall claim me, forever to save.
- 4 My Saviour, my Master, thou hearest my vow ;
Draw nearer in blessing, O smile on me now !
- 5 My Lord, I am thine ; forever to be,
Through sunshine or storm, devoted to thee ;
- 6 A gift never cancelled, though Satan allure ;
A life sealed for heaven, kept steadfast and pure.
- 7 My Lord, I am thine ! and thine is the praise ;
Thine, too, is the strength to walk in thy ways.
- 8 Thy love shall surround me and conquer my foes,
Whilst I on thy promise in calmness repose.

123

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Cho.—Oh how I love Jesus, because he first loved me ;
How can I forget thee ? dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.—*Newton.*

124

125 & 9s.

O HOW happy are they who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul that is perfect in love.

We'll all sing halleluia, As we march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love, With the shining host above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

2 That sweet comfort is mine: through the favor Di-
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; [vine
With my heart I believe, and what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 It is heaven below, my Redeemer to know;
The angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried, he hath suffer'd and died
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height of the holy delight
Which I feel in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd I am perfectly bless'd,
I am filled with the fullness of God.—*C. Wesley.*

125

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favor, All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation, All, all is well.

Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful if in Christ abiding,

Holy, through the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,

Or in living, or in dying, All must be well.

126

'TIS religion that can give, In the light, [God.
 Sweetest pleasures while we live, In the light of
 'Tis religion must supply, In the light,
 Solid comfort when we die, In the light of God.

Cho. Let us walk in the light, walk in the light ;
 Let us walk in the light, in the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be, In the light,
 Lasting as eternity, In the light of God.
 Be the living God my friend, In the light,
 Then my bliss shall never end, In the light of God.

H. Waters.

C. M.

127

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Cho.—Glory, honor, praise, and power
 Be unto the Lamb forever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
 Halleluia ! Praise the Lord.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
 To thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.—*Watts.*

C. M.

128

NOW I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—We will stand the storm,
 We will anchor by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Bold I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
 3 Though cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 Soon I shall safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.—*Watts.*

129

S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne :
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 Soon we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in ;
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow ;
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.—*Watts.*

130

S. M.

I'M glad salvation's free, and without price or cost ; [lost.
 For had it been for me to buy, my soul must have been
Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free ; I'm glad salvation's free.

Salvation's free for you and me, I'm glad salvation's free.

2 In this cold world below, with none to care for me,
 A pilgrim lone without a home, I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost, of sin and sorrow full ;
 But now I'm saved through Jesus' blood, I feel it in my soul.

4 And now I'm on my way to brighter worlds above,
 I hope to triumph evermore, through my Redeemer's love.

5 O brethren, help me sing one song of victory, [free.
 For without money, without price, I've found salvation

5

131

L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
 With all his saints I'll join to tell
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Cho.—Above the rest this note shall swell :—
 “ My Jesus hath done all things well.”

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express ;
 But O, his love what tongue can tell !
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
 Has been his love to sinful me !
 He plucked me from the jaws of hell ;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 I spurned his grace, I broke his laws,
 And yet he undertook my cause,
 To save me though I did rebel :
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 Though many a fiery, flaming dart
 The tempter levels at my heart,
 With this I all his rage repel,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world I rise,
 And claim my mansion in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell :—
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

132

THE world is overcome
 By the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb.

- 2 My sins are washed away
 In the blood of the Lamb. Glory, etc.
- 3 I've washed my garments white
 In the blood of the Lamb. Glory, etc.
- 4 I've lost the fear of death
 Through the blood of the Lamb. Glory, etc.
- 5 The martyrs overcame
 By the blood of the Lamb. Glory, etc.
- 6 I soon shall gain the skies,
 Through the blood of the Lamb. Glory, etc.

B. W. Gorham.

133

THE great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus ;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 O ! hear the voice of Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 O ! hear the voice of Jesus ;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus ;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus ;
 O, how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus !
- 5 And when to the bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 His name, the name of Jesus.—*R. W. Hunter.*

134

I WILL sing for Jesus ;
 With his blood he bought me,
 And all along my pilgrim way
 His loving hand hath brought me.

*Cho.—O, help me sing for Jesus, Help me tell the story
 Of him who did redeem us, The Lord life and glory.*

- 2 Can there overtake me
 Any dark disaster
 While I sing for Jesus,
 My blessed, blessed Master ?
- 3 I will sing for Jesus ;
 His name alone prevailing
 Shall be my sweetest music
 When heart and flesh are failing.
- 4 Still I'll sing for Jesus :
 O, how I will adore him
 Among the cloud of witnesses
 Who cast their crowns before him !

P. Phillips.

135

IIS.

MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
 For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign ;
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou ;
 If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 2 I love thee because thou hast first lovèd me,
 And purchas'd my pardon when nail'd to the tree ;
 I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
 If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
 And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath ;
 And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore thee, and dwell in thy sight ;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow ;
 If ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

136

IIS.

MY God, I am thine ! what a comfort divine !
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
Cho. Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah ! Amen.
 Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! Revive us again.

- 2 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.
- 3 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
 And whoever has found it has paradise found.
- 4 My Jesus to know, and to feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 5 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast,
 That, that is the fullness, but this is the taste.
- 6 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.—*C. Wesley.*

137

WHEN I'm happy hear me sing, Give me Jesus.
 You may have all the world, Give me Jesus.

- 2 When in sorrow hear me pray, Give me Jesus.
- 3 When I'm dying hear me cry, Give me Jesus.
- 4 When I'm rising hear me shout, Give me Jesus.
- 5 When in heaven we will sing, Blessèd Jesus.
- 6 By thy grace we now are saved, Blessèd Jesus.

138 THERE are angels hovering round,
From the New Jerusalem,

2 To carry the tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem.

3 Poor sinners are coming home, To, etc.

4 And Jesus bids them come, To, etc.

5 Let him that heareth come, To, etc.

6 We are on our journey home, To, etc.

139 IN the cross of Christ I glory, 8s & 7s.
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.—*Bowring*.

140 FADE, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine !
Break every tender tie, Jesus is mine !
Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place ;
Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine !
Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine !
Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away ! Jesus is mine !

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine !
Lost in this dawning light, Jesus is mine !

All that my soul has tried Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine !
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine ! [of rest,
Welcome O loved and blest, Welcome sweet scenes
Welcome my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine !

141

7s.

JESUS saves me every day,
 Jesus saves me every night ;
 Jesus saves me all the way,
 Thro' the darkness, thro' the light.

Cho. Jesus saves, O, bliss sublime ! Jesus saves me all the time.

- 2 Jesus saves when sorrows come,
 Jesus ends my doubts and fears ;
 Jesus saves and leads me home,
 Jesus saves when death appears.
- 3 Jesus saves me, he is mine ;
 Jesus saves me, I am his ;
 Jesus saves while I recline
 On his precious promises.
- 4 Jesus saves, he saves from sin ;
 Jesus saves, I feel him nigh ;
 Jesus saves, he dwells within ;
 Gladly do I testify.

142

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 I'm on my way to Zion ;
 How free from every anxious thought,
 I'm on my journey home.

Cho. I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm on my way to Zion ;
 I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm on my journey home.

- 2 I trample on the world's delight, I'm, etc. ;
 I seek a country out of sight, I'm, etc.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there.
- 4 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away.

143

8s.

WHEN shall I sweep through the gates ?
 The scenes of mortality o'er.
 What then for my spirit awaits—

Will they sing on the glorified shore ?

Welcome home ! Welcome home ! A welcome in glory for me.
 Welcome home ! Welcome home ! A welcome for me.

- 2 Yes ! loved ones who know me below,
 Who learned the new song with me here,

In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer!

- 3 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see ;
The city of saints I'll behold—
For, O ! there's a welcome for me !
- 4 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb !

Mrs. P. Palmer.

144

8s & 7s.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

Cho.—On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
And my stay shall be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain or sickness ne'er can enter ;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find on entrance through.

145

S. M.

FOR ever with the Lord, Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word : 'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent, Absent from him I roain ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My thirsty spirit faints To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above.
- 3 So when my latest breath Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death, And life eternal gain.
- 4 Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word ;
And oft repeat before the throne, "Forever with the Lord!"

146

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over ;
And just before the shining shore, We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever :
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home
For ever, O, for ever !

147

IIS.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
Be hushed, my sad spirit ; the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

*Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;
There's no friend like Jesus, there's no place like home.*

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The winds of affliction around me may blow,
And dash my lone bark as I'm sailing below ;
I smile at the storm as I lean on His breast,
And soon I shall land in the haven of rest.
- 4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They'll only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.
- 5 With Christ in my heart, and his word in my hand,
I'll march on in haste through an enemy's land.
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

148

8s.

WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
 That country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confess'd :
 But what must it be to be there ?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care ;
 From trials without and within :
 But what must it be to be there ?

3 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear ;
 The Church of the first-born above :
 But what must it be to be there ?

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare ;
 Then soon shall we joyfully know
 And feel what it is to be there.

149

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
 To its glories I fain would fly ;
 When by sorrow pressed down, I long for my crown,
 In that beautiful land on high.

Cho. In that beautiful land I'll be
 From earth and its cares set free.
 My Saviour is there ! He's gone to prepare
 A place in that land for me !

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy,
 Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me
 In that beautiful land on high.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say, "Good-by ;"
 When o'er the river we're happy forever,
 In that beautiful land on high.

150

SHALL we ever all meet again ?
 Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all meet again ?
 Yes, we may all meet again ;
 If not on earth, in heaven we may all meet again.

2 Shall we ever all wear a crown ?
 If not on earth, in heaven we may all wear a crown.

3 Tears shall be all wiped away ; [away.
 If not on earth, in heaven tears shall be all wiped

151

C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be,
Cho. They'll sing their welcome home to me,
 And the angels will stand on the heav'nly strand,
 And sing their welcome home.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came :
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given ;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.—*Watts.*

152

WHO are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light ;
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross ;
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Suff'ers in his righteous cause ;
 Foll'wers of the dying God.

- 2 Out of great distress they came ;
 Wash'd their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow :
 Therefore are they next the throne ;
 Serve their Maker day and night :
 God resides among his own ;
 God doth in his saints delight.—*C. Wesley.*

153

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
 Just on the borders of the silent grave,
 Shouting Jesus' power to save,
 “Washed in the blood of the Lamb ?”

Cho.—“Sweeping thro' the gates” of the New Jerusalem,
 “Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

2 These, these are they who in their youthful days
 Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
 Proved the fullness of his grace,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3 These, these are they who, in affliction's woes,
 Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
 Such as from a pure heart flows,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4 These, these are they who, in the conflict dire,
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire.
 Jesus now says: "Come up higher,"
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5 Safe, safe upon the ever shining shore,
 Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er:
 Happy now and evermore,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."—*T. C. O'Kane.*

C. M.

154 **M**Y latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is nearly run ;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.
Cho.—O come, angel band, come and around me stand !
 O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks ;
 The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings ;
 The holy ones, behold they come !
 I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to Him
 Who bled and died for me ;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.—*J. Hascall.*

155 **I** WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of my soul ! in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright jasper wall I can see,

Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

- 3 There the fair tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by ;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 5 O ! how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow or pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.—*P. Phillips.*

156

EVANGELISTIC.

8s & 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free ;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing :
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.
- 4 I have long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee ;
Long has the world my heart been keeping,
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.
- 5 Love of God—so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ—so rich and free ;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless ;
Magnify it all in me—Even me.
- 6 Pass me not—thy lost one bringing ;
Bend my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

Mrs. Codner.

157

REJOICE, ye saints, the time draws near
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And for his people call.

Cho.—Trim your lamps and be ready, For the midnight cry.

2 The trumpet sounds, the thunders roll,

The heavens passing as a scroll,

The earth will burn with fire.

3 Poor sinners then on earth will cry,

(While lightnings flashing from the sky,) .

“O mountains, on us fall !”

4 Then on a sea of glass shall stand

King Jesus, with his conqu'ring band,

Safe housed above the fire.

5 Come, buy your oil before too late,

And ready for the Bridegroom wait,

And watch to enter in.

158

8s & 7s.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;

Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power :

He is able, He is willing ; doubt no more.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of Jesus' name ;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;

God's free bounty glorify ;

True belief and true repentance—

Every grace that brings you nigh—

Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream ;

All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of him :

This he gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,

Bruised and mangled by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all ;

Not the righteous—Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Hart.

159

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there ?
Waiting, waiting, O, how fair !

'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.

Ah ! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door ?

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there !
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair ;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.—*H. B. Stowe.*

160

L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking ;
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

*Cho.—Glory to God ! I'm at the fountain drinking ;
Glory to God ! I'm on my journey home !*

161

L. M.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing ;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve :
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven.
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood ;
He closed his eyes to show us God.
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan ;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
 I drink and yet am ever dry ;
 Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
 Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?—*C. Wesley.*

162 8s & 7s.

SAD and weary with my longing,
 Filled with shame because of sin,
 As I am in conscious weakness,
 Here I must salvation win.

Cho.—All I have I leave for Jesus, I am counting it but dross ;
 I am coming to the Master, I am clinging to the Cross.

2 O the joy of knowing Jesus !
 It is dawning on my soul ;
 I am finding his salvation,
 And the power that makes me whole.

3 O refine me by thy Spirit !
 Make my earthly life sublime
 With my heart a home for Jesus,
 Till I've done with earth and time.

B. M. Adams.

163 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us ;
 Much we need Thy tend'rest care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us ;
 Be the Guardian of our way ;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus, We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will ;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Thrupp.

164

7s & 6s.

TELL me the old, old story, Of unseen things above ;
 Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and His love.
 Tell me the story simply, As to a little child ;
 For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled.

Cho.—Tell me the old, old story, Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in ;
 That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often, For I forgot so soon,
 The "early dew" of morning Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones, and grave ;
 Remember, I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save ;
 Tell me the story always, If you would really be
 In any time of trouble A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear.
 Yes, and when that world's glory Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story, "Christ Jesus makes thee
 whole."

Miss K. Hankey.

165

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

I am redeemed, I am redeemed.
 I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb
 Who died on Calvary.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stainm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.—*Cowper.*

166

C. M.

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me ;
 That on the cross he shed his blood, from sin to set me free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.—*Watts.*

167

C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
 And make this last resolve.

Cho.—Look to Jesus, look to Jesus now ;
 He will save you, he will save you now.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Like mountains round me close ;
 I know his courts ; I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.

4 I can but perish if I go—
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away I know
 I must forever die.—*Jones.*

168

Ios & Iis.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh !
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Your ransom and peace, your Surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done, his blood must atone :
 The Father has punished for you his dear Son :
 The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 For you and for me he prayed on the tree :
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
 That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus' bless'd name.
 He purchased the grace which now I embrace :
 O Father, Thou knowest he has died in my place.

5 His death is my plea : my Advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that has answered for me.
 Acquitted I was when he bled on the cross,
 And by losing his life he has carried my cause.

169

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest :
 Ye need not *one* be left behind,
 For God hath bidden *all* mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to ALL :
 Come, all the world ; come, sinner, *thou* ;
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 My message as from God receive ;
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live :
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !

4 See him set forth before your eyes
 That precious, bleeding Sacrifice !
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.

5 This is the time ; no more delay ;
 This is the Lord's accepted day :
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for Him who died for all.—*C. Wesley.*

170

7s & 6s.

I LOVE to tell the story Of unseen things above ;
 I Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love.
 I love to tell the story Because I know it's true ;
 It satisfies my longings As nothing else would do.

*Cho.—I love to tell the story ; 'Twill be my theme in glory
 To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.*

2 I love to tell the story ; 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story ; For some have never heard
 The message of salvation From God's own holy word.

3 I love to tell the story ; For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be—the old, old story That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey.

171

C. M.

JESUS, the Name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky ;
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

*Cho.—We have no other argument ; We want no other plea ;
 It is enough that Jesus died, And that he died for me.*

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear ;
 It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace :
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim :
 'Tis all my business here below,
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name ;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb !—*C. Wesley.*

172

C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is ;
 Our sin, how deep its stains ;
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word :—
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I now believe thy promise, Lord ;
 Forgive my unbelief !
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood
 Incarnate God, I fly ;
 Here let me wash my guilty soul
 From sins of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thine arms I fall ;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,—
 My Saviour, and my all.—*Watts.*

173

8, 8, 8, 6.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
Ref.—O Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark spot—
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each blot.
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt ;
 Fightings within and fears without.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find.
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe.
- 6 Just as I am—thy love, I own,
 Has broken every barrier down :
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone.—*C. Elliott.*

174

7s.

JESUS ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,—
 O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart.
 Rise to all eternity.—*C. Wesley.*

175

7s.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise !
 Stay not for th' morrow's sun :
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest !
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.—*T. Scott.*

176

C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
 For you he suffer'd pain ;
 For you the Saviour spilt his blood,
 O, shall he bleed in vain ?

Cho.—Jesus died for you ; Jesus died for me ;
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind ;
Bless God, he died for me.

- 2 Sinners, his life for you he paid,
 Your basest crimes he bore ;
 Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
 That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
 That you might come to heaven ;
 Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
 And all your sins forgiven.
- 4 Believe in Him who died for thee,
 And sure as he hath died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.—*C. Wesley.*

177

ONE there is above all others. O how he loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's. O how he loves !
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 One day kind, the next deceive us ;
 But this Friend will never leave us. O how, etc.

- 2 Blessed Jesus—wouldst thou know him ? O how, etc.
 Give thyself this moment to him. O how, etc.
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee. O how, etc.
- 3 'Tis eternal life to know him. O how he loves !
 Think, O think, how much we owe him. O, etc.
 With his precious blood he bought us,
 In the wilderness he sought us,
 To his fold he safely brought us. O how, etc.
- 4 Let us then this love keep viewing. O how, etc.
 And, though faint, keep on pursuing, O how, etc.
 He will strengthen each endeavor ;
 And, when passed o'er death's cold river,
 This shall be our theme forever, O how he loves !

178

4 6s & 2 8s.

ARISE, my soul, arise ;
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me ;—
 “ Forgive him, O forgive,” they cry,
 “ Nor let that ransom’d sinner die.”

3 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one :
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
 His pard’ning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, abba, Father, cry.—*C. Wesley.*

179

7s.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have long withheld his grace ;
 Long provoked him to his face ;
 Would not hearken to his calls ;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Whence to me this waste of love ?
 Ask my Advocate above ;
 See the cause in Jesus’ face,
 Now before the throne of grace.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands ;
 God is love ! I know, I feel :
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.—*C. Wesley.*

180

NOT now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home !

2 Not now ; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love ;
Not now ; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3 Not now ; for I have loved ones sad and weary ;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

4 Not now ; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing ;
Not now ; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some shelt'ring wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power ;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary ?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour ?

6 One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;
One little hour ! and then the halleluia !
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

Mrs. Pennefather.

L. M.

181

WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found and peace is given ;
But soon, O soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.—*Dwight.*

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Cho.—O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary ; The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again, To intercede for me.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near the cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
“ I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live.”—*J. Newton.*

I WANT to see the shining angels,
But I cannot until I make my peace with the Lord ;
Then I'll give God my heart, And I'll praise him while I live,
I'll praise him when I die, In the new Jerusalem !

- 2 I want to see my blessed Jesus, etc.
- 3 I want to see the golden city, etc.
- 4 I want to see the saints in glory, etc.
- 5 I want to see my friends in heaven, etc.

THOU canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
Take off my load of sin ;
Vile as I am, thou wilt receive
And wash me white within.

Cho.—Jesus, dear Jesus, O how great thy love to me !
Jesus, dear Jesus, I trust my all to thee.

- 2 I can, I will, I do believe,
My prayer is heard in heaven.
'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save :
My sins are all forgiven.

185

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" * was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge or safety in self could I see—
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the Fountain, life-giving and free ;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.

4 When treading the valley and shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath :
And when from life's fever my God sets me free,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song shall be.

* The Lord our Righteousness.—*McCheyne.*

186

THERE is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Ref.—Look ! look ! look and live !

There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 O why was he there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?
O why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid ?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul ;
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has de-
There remained no more to be done ; [clared
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives ;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

Amelia M. Hull.

187

88, 86.

O LORD, thine only would I be,
 And yet I cannot go to thee ;
 But, Saviour, thou canst come to me,
 And take me as I am.

- 2 I thirst, I long to know thy love,
 Thy full salvation I would prove ;
 But since to thee I cannot move,
 O take me as I am !
- 3 Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet,
 Deal with me as thou seest meet ;
 Thy work begin, thy work complete,
 But take me as I am.
- 4 Spirit of God, O breathe on me !
 The Saviour's glory make me see ;
 Changed to his image let me be ;
 Come to me as I am.
- 5 If thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 And work both in and by me too,
 But take me as I am.
- 6 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,
 Lord, take me as I am !

188

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I NEED thee, precious Jesus, For I am full of sin :
 I My soul is dark and guilty, My heart is sad within :
 I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's only plea.
Cho.—I need thee ! O I need thee ! I need thee, Yes I need thee,
 To guide me safe to glory, And bring me to my home.

- 2 I need the love of Jesus To cheer me on my way : [stay ;
 To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and
 I need thee, precious Jesus ! I need a friend like thee ;
 A friend to soothe and sympathize, A friend to care for me.
- 3 I need thee, precious Jesus, I need thee day by day,
 To fill me with thy fullness, To lead me on my way ;
 I need thy Holy Spirit To teach me what I am,
 To show me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.
- 4 I need thee, precious Jesus, And hope to see thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow, and seated on thy throne ;
 There with thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ever be
 To sing thy praises, Jesus, To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

E. Whitefield.

189

HERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold—
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine :
 Are they not enough for thee ?"
 But the Shepherd made answer : "'Tis of mine
 Has wandered away from me :
 And although the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed ; [through
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert he heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track ?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn ?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own !"

E. C. Clephane.

190

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
 O, what shall the harvest be ?

*Cho.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
 Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.*

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,

Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil ; O, what, etc.

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame ; O, what, etc.

4 Sowing the seed of an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home ; O, what, etc.

Mrs. E. S. Oakey.

191

8s & 7s.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
“ I will guide thee with mine eye.”

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye ;
On the way from earth to heaven I will guide thee with mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
“ I will guide thee with mine eye.”

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
“ I will guide thee with mine eye.”

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
“ I will guide thee with mine eye.”—*N. Niles.*

192

7s & 6s.

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus ! Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
Stand up ! stand up for Jesus ! Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor, And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
Stand up ! stand up for Jesus ! The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory Shall reign eternally.—*Duffield.*

193

7s & 6s.

I SAW a way-worn traveler In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed, Deliverance will come !

*Cho.—Then palms of victory, Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.*

2 The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow ;
But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home ;
Still shouting as he journeyed, Deliverance will come !

3 The songsters in the arbor That grew beside the way,
Attracted his attention, Inviting his delay : [run,
His watchword being "Onward," He stopped his ears and
Still shouting as he journeyed, Deliverance will come !

4 I saw him in the evening, The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain And reached the vale below :
He saw the golden city, His everlasting home,
And shouted loud Hosanna ! Deliverance will come !

5 While gazing on that city Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels Came from the throne of God :
They bore him on their pinions, Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—Deliverance has come !

6 I heard the song of triumph They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us, 'To suffer nevermore : [run,
Then casting his eyes backward, On the race which he had
He shouted loud Hosanna ! Deliverance has come !

W. McDonald.

194

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

*Cho.—Will you go ? Will you go ? Will you go ? Will you go ?
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?*

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove ;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay-house he is summoned to move ;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished ;
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

4 March on, happy pilgrims ; the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

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